

THE
FAMILY PICTURE.
A PLAY.

Taken from the French of
Monsr. DIDEROT's PERE DE FAMILLE.

K
With VERSES on different Subjects,

BY A LADY.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by J. DONALDSON, corner of Arundel-
Street, Strand; and R. FAULDER, New Bond-Street.

M DCC LXXXI.

THE
FAMILY PICTURE

P. I. A. Y.

Tran from the French of

Mme. DIDOT, FINE DE FAMILLE



BY A. L. A. D. Y.

L O N D O N

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CLARVILLE.

CHARLES, CLARVILLE's Son.

EDWARD, the Son of CLARVILLE's deceased friend.

GOVERNOR D' AUVILLE, CLARVILLE's Brother in Law, on a Visit at his House.

W O M E N.

SOPHIA, unknown.

LOUISA, CLARVILLE's Daughter.

Mrs. DALTON.

S E R V A N T S.

Maid, Philip, &c.

SCENE Paris, at CLARVILLE's House—it begins at 5 o'Clock in the Morning.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

CLARVILLE.

CHARLES, CLARVILLE'S SON.

EDWARD, the Son of CLARVILLE'S daughter.

Friend.

GOVERNOR D'ARVILLE, CLARVILLE'S

Brother in Law, once Villain at his House.

W O M E N.

SOPHIA, unknown.

LOUISA, CLARVILLE'S Daughter.

Mrs. PATTON.

S E R V A N T S.

Mrs. WILKINSON.

SCENE First in CLARVILLE'S House—

at a Table in the Drawing Room.

THE
FAMILY PICTURE.

ACT I.

CLARVILLE and EDWARD.

CLARVILLE.

AND you really know nothing of him?

EDWARD.

No: upon my honour.

CLARVILLE.

Observe then, my dear Edward, how much your ignorance of my son's present conduct must encrease my uneasiness. Why does he conceal his actions from you his kind friend, and from me his indulgent parent?

EDWARD.

A father is too easily alarmed.

CLARVILLE.

Have not you remarked a great change in him of late?

B

EDWARD

2 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

EDWARD.

I have; but really it is a change for the better: he seems to have renounced every youthful folly.

CLARVILLE.

Just so, I thought: but I was then ignorant that his apparent amendment and nightly irregularities began together.

EDWARD.

Nightly irregularities?

CLARVILLE.

Yes, he goes out every night alone: informs himself privately whether I am gone to rest; bribes my servants; makes himself master of the keys of my house: yet, at the same time affects a taste for retirement, and a contempt for frivolous company. Tell me, my young friend, what can I think of all this? were he but dissipated, I should not despair, but, if he makes a mask of virtue!

EDWARD.

I cannot account for this behaviour; yet I am persuaded he abhors dissimulation.

CLARVILLE.

Alas! every vice is caught in vicious company: but leave me, Edward; I think I hear some one coming this way: perhaps it is he---retire.

[Exit Edward.]

[Clarville listens.]

Is

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 3

It is not he.—Unhappy boy! what anxiety he causes me! it is but too probable that at this very hour he injures his health---endangers his life ---nay loses his honour and *mine*.

[rises and walks about disordered.]

[A man enters dressed like a common person, a great coat on, his face hid, under a large flapped hat.]

CLARVILLE.

Who are you?

[on receiving no answer he looks under the flap of the hat and discovers his son.]

It is he: my suspicions were too well founded. I wish him to speak, yet I tremble to hear him.

[Aside.]

CHARLES.

I am almost desperate.

CLARVILLE.

Heavens! what am I to hear!

[Steps softly aside.]

CHARLES.

She sighs—she weeps—yet would leave me.—
If she leaves me, I'm undone *[walks about in disorder and observes his father]*—ha! my father!
I have no alternative, since catch'd in this disguise,
I will confess all. *[Aside.]* See me, my dear father,

4 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

ther, at your feet, be assur'd your son has done nothing unworthy that name; but he dies unless you preserve him a treasure, he values beyond life.

CLARVILLE.

Explain yourself.

CHARLES.

I entreat you by all the goodness I have ever experienc'd from you, to hear me. If I have had reason from infancy to regard you as the most indulgent father, assist me now—preserve my Sophia, let me owe to you what is dearest to me in the world;—it is certain she is going to leave me; dissuade her from it, and save your son.

CLARVILLE.

Who is this Sophia? [*Charles rises hastily.*]

CHARLES.

She is poor—unknown—inhabits an obscure retreat—but, she is all goodness, and beautiful as an angel; I would live and die with her, though I were to be deserted by all the world.

CLARVILLE.

Cease these extravagancies, young man! tell me plainly, why that mean disguise?

CHARLES.

It was necessary to conceal my rank. Owing to this disguise, I enjoy'd the conversation of Sophia.

CLAR-

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 5

CLARVILLE.

How came you acquainted with her?

CHARLES.

I hired an apartment next to the house she lodged in; and under this disguise, and the name of Sanders, I became her neighbour.

CLARVILLE.

Tell me every particular distinctly?

CHARLES.

The first time I saw her, was at mass: she was kneeling by an elderly woman, whom I at first took for her mother.—Never saw I before such elegance of person, harmony of features, or sweetness of countenance! she attracted every one's attention. As for me—but, it is impossible to describe what I felt! from that instant her beautiful idea accompanied me by day—haunted me by night, and engross'd me every where. I wander'd about incessantly—lost my former gaiety and health: at last after many fruitless endeavours, I discover'd where she liv'd, and that she and the old woman led a retir'd and indigent life. I blush to own the hopes their poverty inspir'd me with: but by approaching Sophia, I became pure like her. In her presence, passionate desires gave way to gentle love, and tender admiration; and

I could

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I could as soon have harbour'd a design against her life as against her honour.

CLARVILLE.

How do they employ themselves?

CHARLES.

The old woman spins; and working at hard coarse cloath injures the delicate hands of Sophia: four bare walls her habitation, a table and two straw chairs her furniture---but I can never believe that heaven form'd Sophia for a fate like this.

CLARVILLE.

How got you acquainted with them?

CHARLES.

With a great deal of difficulty and caution. I would not venture at first to see them, for fear of giving them any suspicion; but through time I grew more familiar, and when suppos'd to be return'd at night from my daily labour, I would knock softly at their door, and beg such trifles as are common among neighbours, such as fire, or water, &c. at length they began to put some confidence in me.

CLARVILLE.

What contrivances? Ah! did we but take the
same

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 7

same pains to regulate our passions, that we do to indulge them ! but go on.

CHARLES.

I afterwards describ'd my situation just as I pleas'd, and offer'd to join my scanty pittance with theirs ; though they refus'd this at first, their good opinion of me, soon induc'd them to comply. Imagine my happiness on this nearer intercourse with her I lov'd ; what is there in the pleasures of wealth or dissipation to compare with the innocent, and calm delights I have enjoy'd in the company of my Sophia ! But this happiness continued not long ; on going yesterday I found her in the greatest distress : her head was drooping on her bosom—her work fallen at her feet ; she did not heed me, and only stirr'd to wipe the tears that stream'd down her cheeks :—I threw myself suddenly at her feet ; “ has Sophia a pain and I not know it ? conceal it not from me, my Sophia.” She gave me a look that pierc'd my heart, and cry'd, poor Sanders ! unfortunate Sophia ! then resum'd her former silence and despairing attitude : I foresaw my misfortune. O ! Sophia, cry'd I, you mean to leave me, and I'm undone : she answer'd me only by her tears. This melancholy scene lasted all night :

I tore

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I tore myself away when my business was suppos'd to require me, and return'd here oppress'd with sorrow.

CLARVILLE.

You did not reflect on that you caused me.

CHARLES.

My dear father--- *[takes his hand.]*

CLARVILLE.

What can you expect from me?

CHARLES.

That you will see Sophia—that you will crown all your past goodness—that you will

[the Father interrupts.]

CLARVILLE.

Foolish youth! Who is she?

CHARLES.

That's the mystery: but her manners, sentiments, and conversation, are inconsistent with her present circumstances. Every look and action prove it. In her behaviour there is a certain noble reserve, peculiar to birth and merit in distress.

CLARVILLE.

Has not the woman that lives with her told you any thing?

CHARLES.

All that I could learn from her was, that Sophia came to town to procure the assistance of a
near

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 9

near relation, who cruelly refused to receive or help her.

CLARVILLE.

Have you carried your folly so far as to say you lov'd her?

CHARLES.

Not in direct terms. I never yet found courage.

CLARVILLE.

You do not then think she has any particular regard for you.

CHARLES.

I have sometimes flattered myself from small, but expressive circumstances. Her sweet aspect would brighten at my approach—she would many times complain that my work kept me out all day, and I doubt not my Sophia has often prolonged hers through the night, to grant me more of her company.

CLARVILLE.

You have told me all?

CHARLES.

Yes. Every particular.

CLARVILLE.

You have been up all night—go take some rest. I will see her.

C

CHARLES

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CHARLES.

But, my dear father, no time must be lost.

CLARVILLE.

Indeed, Charles, you ought to blush at being so little concerned for the anxiety you have given me.

CHARLES.

You shall have no more pain on my account, believe me. [*Exit Charles.*]

CLARVILLE.

I wish I could be sure of that ; but I think a father is no sooner relieved from one care, than he falls into another. (*he pauses*) Polite—virtuous—
young—beautiful—and in distress.—All that can win a tender heart, or keep a generous one : but perhaps I alarm myself too easily : a passionate young man exaggerates to himself and others, the charms of her he loves. I will send for this young woman, and converse with her. If she really is what he describes, I shall be able, through the force of obligations, to secure her gratitude.

[*As he is going, the Governor enters in his robe de Chambre.*]

GOVERNOR.

Well! have you seen young Hopeful?

CLAR-

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 11

CLARVILLE.

I will tell you all afterwards, but having sat up all night, I find myself quite exhausted, and shall now take an hour's rest. *[is going.]*

GOVERNOR.

One word before you go, if you please. I make no doubt that your son's affairs will give you plague enough: and for another thing, that you may not hereafter plead ignorance, I now inform you, that your daughter and Edward, whom you cherish against my advice, will cause you much trouble, or I mistake it.

CLARVILLE.

Let me alone at present, I beg of you.

GOVERNOR.

Your daughter and Edward love each other.

CLARVILLE.

Perhaps I would have it so:

GOVERNOR.

'Tis a certain fact. Be assured they are in love: for they can neither bear each other, nor quit each other—they are ever jangling, yet always agreed. Part them—part them, I say.

CLAR-

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CLARVILLE.

I will confider of this fome other time.

[*Exit* Clarville.

GOVERNOR.

A ftrange man this brother-in-law of mine—to maintain a young man that is no fort of relation to him, merely becaufe he is an old friend's fon—it is my pride that my conduct is diametrically oppofite to his, on every account. He fufpects no evil in any one, and is extravagantly bountiful to all—whilft I—knowing the world, fufpect that every man is a knave, and will never myfelf be fuch a fool as to throw my money away on any one. I—know better. [*Exit.*

End of ACT I.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 13

A C T II.

CLARVILLE *reading.*

(Then throws down the Book.)

SINCE my wife's death, and the governor's too frequent visits here, my former happiness is vanished; his turbulent disposition throws us all into confusion; my children are uneasy and avoid me.—I am deserted in the midst of my family.

[Goes to the door and calls a servant.]

Tell my daughter I want to speak to her.

[Exit servant.]

She has lost her cheerfulness—her beauty fades. Perhaps the governor conjectures right.

Enter LOUISA.

Come hither, my dear Louisa — sit down. I must have some discourse with you, on a subject that nearly interests us both. I wish very much to see you well settled in life; and as your good qualities, and the fortune it is known I can give you, have procured the addresses of several men of fashion,
I would

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I would wish you to make your own choice, and acquaint me with it.

LOUISA.

I prefer none of them, Sir: If I might make a choice it would be to live single—a convent is in my opinion the best asylum against the cares and anxieties of the world.

CLARVILLE.

A convent? do not mention such a thing. Nature has blessed you with too many social qualities for a monastic life. You sigh, Louisa! if this design be the consequence of any secret attachment, a nunnery would make you miserable. You have never heard the sighs of those unfortunate women, whose number you would encrease, they pierce the solitude with their cries, and water their lonely couches with their tears.—No! I have not given being to my child, and watched incessantly over her happiness and improvement, to have her bury herself alive, to the disappointment of my hopes and those of society.

LOUISA.

I would wish to please and obey you, Sir.

CLARVILLE.

Then, my dear girl, you must talk to me no more of a convent.

LOUISA.

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LOUISA.

I may at least flatter myself that you will allow me to live single, and pass my days with you, in freedom and tranquillity.

CLARVILLE.

Were I only to consult my own happiness, I might approve of this; but I am bound as a good father, to consider yours.—Listen to me, my dear! and observe what I say.—Nature has her views, and disappointment is the bitter portion of all who frustrate her wise intentions. A man who continues single, falls generally into vice—a woman into neglect and solitude; for youth soon flies—beauty decays—and, you are neglected by those who have no views of interest, and flattered by those who have.

LOUISA.

Every state in life has its troubles, even marriage.

CLARVILLE.

Ah! who knows that better than I! but if marriage has its cares, it is also a source of the most refin'd pleasures.—Where shall we look for examples of sublime friendship—of melting tenderness—of the most perfect confidence—and of continued

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nued acts of benevolence, if not in marriage? In a prudent choice, every joy in life is heightened, and every pain diminished. O! sacred and endearing ties of marriage! ye tender names of son—of daughter—I never pronounce ye but with the most pleasing sensations. Open then your heart to me, my dear child, sure of a tender advocate in your father.—You hesitate:—if I have lost my daughter's confidence, I must search the cause of it in my own conduct.

LOUISA.

Your goodness overwhelms me, Sir.

[wipes her eyes.]

CLARVILLE.

You have some secret uneasiness, my dear:—suppose it love:—can I blame you for a sentiment, I esteemed your mother for? imitate her frankness. *[She continues silent.]*

Louisa you are too reserved.——I know your silence proceeds from modesty, the most amiable characteristic of your sex—but be assured you carry female reserve too far, if you let it encroach on filial confidence and duty.

[He pauses.]

It

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 17

It would please me, no doubt, to hear your sentiments from yourself; but whatever way you take to acquaint me with them, I shall be satisfied: be it by your uncle---brother---or Edward.—— Edward is an amiable youth, we are much indebted to him for his attachment to our family. It is time now that I should reward his merit. Can you think of nothing I can serve him in?

LOUISA.

—— I believe——but consult himself—— what advice can I give?

CLARVILLE.

The governor hinted

[She interrupts.]

LOUISA.

You know my uncle——dear Sir, don't believe him.

CLARVILLE.

Must I then quit life without having compleated the happiness of my children? cruel children! my daughter has no confidence in me, and my son——

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, the two women you sent for are here.

[Exit Louisa.]

D.

CLARVILLE.

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CLARVILLE.

Shew them in——

Enter Sophia and Mrs. Dalton.

He did not exaggerate. What beauty!—What sweetness!

[aside

Mrs. DALTON.

We are come, Sir, in compliance with your orders.

CLARVILLE.

I have a few words to say to this young woman—I have heard of her, and am interested in her welfare.

[Mrs. Dalton goes to the other end of the room—takes out some work.]

Are you Sophia?

SOPHIA.

Yes, Sir.

CLARVILLE.

I mean to serve and befriend you—I hope you will not look upon my enquiries as proceeding from impertinent curiosity.

SOPHIA.

Your appearance, Sir, commands respect, and prevents any suspicion of that sort.

CLARVILLE.

Pray what county are you of?*

SOPHIA.

* France is divided into provinces, but the author adapts the term to the English phraseology.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 19

SOPHIA.

I was born, Sir, in a country village near —

CLARVILLE.

Have you been long in Paris?

SOPHIA.

No, Sir.—Oh that I had never come at all!

CLARVILLE.

How do you maintain yourself?

SOPHIA.]

By an honest industry.

CLARVILLE.

Is your father living?

SOPHIA.

Alas! no!

CLARVILLE.

Your mother?

SOPHIA.

Heaven has preserved her—and I ought to be happy in having so good a parent.

CLARVILLE.

You appear to me to be of a family superior to your present situation. What was your father?

SOPHIA.

A worthy man. He never heard the cry of the unhappy without relieving them; and never forsook a friend in his adversity. At last, so many misfortunes pressed upon him, that he became necessitous. When he died, he left my mother and

20 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

a numerous family without resource. I was then too young to know the loss of a father, but too much have I felt it since.

CLARVILLE.

Amiable creature! Be comforted—I will supply to you a father's part. I will assist your mother, and place you both above necessity.—Why did you leave your mother?

SOPHIA.

I came to town with my eldest brother, to entreat the assistance of a rich and near relation, who had dealt hardly by my father. He once saw me in the country and seemed to take a liking to me: My mother hoped, that by coming to town I might be able to improve it to the advantage of us all. She almost deprived herself of every thing to raise the money necessary for our journey. Alas! she little knew the hard heart we had to deal with; this cruel relation, shut his doors against my brother, and will not see me.

CLARVILLE.

Where is your brother?

SOPHIA.

He serves his king and country as a volunteer; but before he went, he left me to the charge of this good woman, who loves me as her child. I assist

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 21

sist her to earn her bread ; she shares the little she has with me.

CLARVILLE.

Have you never heard from your mother ?

SOPHIA.

She has never yet had it in her power to send me money to return : but yesterday I had a letter acquainting me, that a person will very soon conduct me to her again.

[*she weeps.*]

CLARVILLE.

Who is the young man that lives next you ?

[*Mrs. Dalton interrupts.*]

Mrs. DALTON.

He is, Sir, one of the best young men that can be.

SOPHIA.

He is an unfortunate youth who unites his misery to ours.

CLARVILLE.

That unfortunate youth is——

[*Sophia interrupts.*]

SOPHIA.

Do you know him, Sir ?

CLARVILLE,

My son.

SOPHIA.

What do I hear !

CLARVILLE.

22 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

CLARVILLE.

He is my son.——

SOPHIA.

Ah, Sanders! you have deceived me!

CLARVILLE.

Virtuous and amiable girl! see the danger you have run.---When a man of fashion changes his name---disguises his circumstances---and totally descends from his own rank of life, in order to form an intimacy with a beautiful young woman; what ought she to do?

SOPHIA.

Avoid him.

[Here Charles enters into a closet unobserved.]

CLARVILLE.

Nobly resolved: we shall find means together to execute in a proper manner what prudence dictates.

SOPHIA.

Unhappy that I am! why did I ever come to Paris?

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, the Governor desires to speak with you immediately.

CLARVILLE.

I shall attend him.

[Exit Servant.]

You

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 23

You wish you had never come to Paris: it is not too late to return home to your mother. I will call upon you to night, and inform myself of some more particulars I wish to know: you may depend upon it, that I will assist your mother, and do every thing in my power to convey you to her. Rely on my friendship—I will see you again to-day.

[Exit Clarville.]

S O P H I A.

Cruel fate! ah! Sanders!

[Upon these words Charles bursts from the closet where he had been concealed.]

C H A R L E S.

Sanders loved you---but, dear Sophia, Charles adores you.

[throws himself at her feet.]

S O P H I A.

Alas!

C H A R L E S.

Let my past conduct witness for me, how pure and honourable my passion is.—All my ambition is, to raise my lovely maid to a rank in life, she would add dignity to;---to make her mine, by the holiest---the surest ties. Give me then your hand, and receive my faith in the presence of Heaven, and this worthy friend.

S O P H I A.

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SOPHIA.

Generous man! but---I will not be the cause of alienating the affections of a worthy parent, from a deserving son. I will not injure the man I love: yet it is now I feel the disparity of our fortunes.

CHARLES.

Love levels all distinctions! you shall be mine in spite of fortune---receive my vows.

[takes her hand, she withdraws it.]

SOPHIA.

No---I respect parental authority;---but I never can forget what you have so nobly offered:---may you be happy with a wife deserving of you in every respect---and may she love like---but I stay too long.

[She rises, and says, in a firmer accent]

I request, nay insist upon it, that you come not near me this day. Leave me to collect my thoughts and fix my resolutions. May you be happy! obey your worthy father, and forget me!--ah, Sanders!

[She hurries out followed by Mrs. Dalton.]

CHARLES.

Forget thee! if I do, may all my hopes of happiness perish with me.

[As he is going, the Governor and Clarville enter by another door.]

GOVERNOR.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 25

GOVERNOR.

Tell Edward I wait for him in the library.

[To a Servant. *Exit Governor.*

CHARLES.

Well, father, you have seen her?

CLARVILLE.

I have.---She is handsome, and I believe virtuous; but you ought to have no views concerning her. As a mistress! you have I hope too much honour.---As a wife! she does not suit you.

CHARLES.

Not suit me! handsome and virtuous, yet not suit me for a wife! happiness in marriage must proceed not from mercenary motives, but from mutual love.

CLARVILLE.

I can never suffer you to pursue this improper passion: I know I might exert my authority in this affair, but I would wish to be approved of by my children in every act of their compliance. It will soon now be twenty years, my dear Charles, since I first received you in these paternal arms. I bedewed your infant face with tears of joy and tenderness; and holding you up in my arms, I prayed to be no longer blessed with a son than while I performed the duties of a father. During your childhood, I never trusted you to the care of others:

E

I taught

26 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

I taught you myself to speak and think :---as you advanced in years, I studied your genius and inclination, and formed upon them, the plan of your future life. I have omitted nothing that could promote either your happiness or interest : and now, ah, Charles ! Charles ! now, just as I should reap the fruits of my labour, and rejoice in having a son whose personal qualities capacitate him for high employments, and whose birth entitles him when he marries to make even some distinguished connection ; shall a ridiculous passion, the caprice of a moment, destroy all my hopes !---shall---

[Charles *interrupts*.

CHARLES.

How wretched I am !

CLARVILLE.

You have a wealthy uncle, who will probably leave you his heir ; you have a father, who shews his tenderness in every thing-- Even in his reproofs. --You have a name in the world---friends of the first rank----you have the most flattering, yet well grounded expectations---What more can be wish'd for ?

CHARLES.

Sophia---and your consent.

CLARVILLE.

What ! shall I authorize by my example, disorders

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 27

orders in society---confusion of ranks---and degradation of families?---No.---

CHARLES.

---My dear Father! I shall be miserable without Sophia.

CLARVILLE.

Reason and absence, are cures for improper love.

CHARLES.

Call it not improper.---Consider how few women there are, capable of pleasing a man of sentiment. I have found one who has attached me for ever: and beautiful as she is, I can boast, that my love for her is founded chiefly on esteem. ---Her sweetness of disposition---Her patience under the trying evils of indigence and neglect---Her tenderness for me, supposing me struggling with equal misfortunes---her modesty---her nice, yet unaffected reserve---in short, every virtue, that the female mind can possess, have made me hers.---You, yourself married disinterestedly. My mother, like Sophia, handsome and virtuous, had no fortune.

CLARVILLE.

Mine, was large and quite independent:---Your mother was a woman of family.

E 2

CHARLES.

28 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

CHARLES.

And who knows but Sophia—

CLARVILLE,

Romances! dreams!

CHARLES.

Love and industry will procure us a competence.

CLARVILLE.

Dread the misfortunes, that threaten you.

CHARLES.

The loss of her is all I dread.

CLARVILLE.

Don't you fear the loss of my affection?

CHARLES.

I hope to regain it. My Sophia will weep---
My little ones will plead for me, stretch out their
innocent hands, and--you will not push them
from you.

CLARVILLE.

He knows me too well.

[aside, then adds in a severer accent.

I see I talk to you in vain, and reason has no
power over you: but I now command you, on
the obedience due to me, to quit this project
entirely, and respect the authority of a father.

CHARLES.

Authority! the favourite word of fathers. They
think

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 29

think themselves wise from having outliv'd their passions.

CLARVILLE.

Be silent.

CHARLES.

And have only given us life to dispose of it at their pleasure.

CLARVILLE.

Tremble at the indignation of a father.

CHARLES.

Father! Tyrants all.—

CLARVILLE.

O! heavens!

CHARLES.

Tyrants.—

CLARVILLE.

Unnatural—undutiful son! begone.

[As Charles is retiring in disorder, his father follows him.]

Unhappy youth! where fly you? and to what asylum?

CHARLES.

A father's arms.

[Rushes into his arms, the father exhausted, throws himself into a chair, the son at his knees.]

Enter

30 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

Enter GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

Look ye there now. I always foretold, he would be the death of him.

[Clarville goes out, but says to his son, who is following him,

CLARVILLE.

Stay, and pay attention, to your uncle. You have heard my opinion, listen now to his.

[Exit Clarville.

[The governor holds up his finger making many signs of disapprobation.

GOVERNOR.

A mighty affair indeed your father requires of you! to give up a petty creature, that you ought never to have look'd at, but *en passant*.

CHARLES.

Sir; Sir—

GOVERNOR.

One who comes from I know not where—belongs to I know not whom—and lives I know not how—If you must have her, keep her. I will agree to that.

CHARLES.

I will only answer you one word—she shall be my wife.

GOVERNOR.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 31

GOVERNOR.

Your wife? what? you, a son of the Clarvilles, and my nephew! your wife? you will then be a beggar; never shall you have a farthing from me, I promise you.

CHARLES.

At all rates I shall have two things to support me, Love and Resolution, to grapple with Misfortunes. We should not hear so many complaints, were not the poor without Fortitude, and the rich without Sympathy.

GOVERNOR.

Well, well, ruin yourself. I foretel that you will yet come with your wife and brats a begging at my door; but I never will relent, take my word for it: were you alone to suffer, it would not signify: but I, the Governor D'Auville, shall be made the town talk.---Is it for this that I have forsaken my nearest kin, and lived single? I shall be ashamed to shew my face in public, "who is that stout old gentleman (says one) that looks so grum?" why, replies another, "that is the Governor D'Auville, uncle to the young fool that married, you know"---and then they whisper and sneer.---Such a marriage was never heard of. Do
you

32 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

you suppose I will suffer it? I tell you, youngster, it shall never be.

[Exit Governor in a passion.

CHARLES.

I have but one course to pursue.---

[as he is going, enter Edward.

CHARLES.

Edward!

EDWARD.

Well Charles, what have you to say!

CHARLES.

I love Sophia, and flatter myself she is not insensible: you love my sister Louisa, and she you.

EDWARD.

I? your sister?

CHARLES.

Yes, my sister: but the same persecution that I suffer, you must expect: if you have love and spirit enough for the enterprize, let us carry off Sophia and Louisa, and search for happiness far from those who would tyrannize over us.

EDWARD.

What is this I hear! would you have me thus repay the obligations I owe your father from my infancy? shall I embitter his days, whose goodness has poured blessings upon mine?

CHARLES.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 32

CHARLES.

You have scruples—we will talk no more of it.

EDWARD.

What you propose is highly blameable. For your own sake abandon this project:—you will otherwise incur your father's displeasure, draw on you universal censure; nay, be liable to a prosecution, and make her you love wretched.

CHARLES.

If I cannot have your assistance, spare your advice.

EDWARD.

You will ruin yourself, and undo me. What shall I say to your father? What shall I alledge to your uncle in my own defence? You ought not to have imparted this design to me, situated as I am.

CHARLES.

Edward, farewell! I depend on your discretion.

EDWARD.

Where are you going?

CHARLES.

To secure my greatest treasure, and leave this place for ever.

[Exit Charles.]

EDWARD

34 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

EDWARD.

I see he is determined to carry her off:---and his uncle---to shut her up in a convent: what can I do between them? If I serve the uncle, I become a traitor in Charles's eyes, and forfeit his father's esteem: neither can I, with honour, disclose their designs to the worthy father.——Poor innocent young creature! what will become of her, unless I protect her? but to do that I must not lose a moment.

[Exit Edward.

End of ACT II.

ACT.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 35

A C T III.

EDWARD and LOUISA.

EDWARD.

DEAR Madam!

[in a supplicating tone.]

LOUISA.

How can you propose such a thing? ought I to receive a young woman I know nothing of, and one to whom my brother has made an attachment, contrary to my father's approbation?

EDWARD.

It is the only asylum I can offer, or she accept of.

LOUISA.

It cannot be.

EDWARD.

I only beg you will receive her for a time, till I consider what I ought to do.

LOUISA.

What would my father say?

EDWARD.

Do I respect Louisa's father less than she?

F 2

LOUISA.

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LOUISA.

The governor! my brother!

EDWARD.

By receiving Sophia, you will prevent them both from committing an unworthy, rash action. Your brother in the violence of his passion, intends this day to elope with her.—Your uncle designs to have her shut up by a *lettre de cachet*, and has actually charg'd me with the commission.

[Takes out the *lettre de cachet*.]
Thus you see me the confident of both parties, but resolv'd to be the accomplice of neither. Humanity towards the unfortunate girl, and gratitude to your father, equally forbid my concurrence either with your brother, or your uncle. But I suspected your reluctance, and

LOUISA.

What have you done?

EDWARD.

She is here. You must yourself receive, or dismiss her.

[Goes hastily to a side door, and introduces Sophia, Louisa's maid following, but goes out again.]

EDWARD.

Be composed, Madam! you are now in safety. That lady is Clarville's sister.

SOPHIA.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 37

SOPHIA.

Preserve me, Madam, from the violence of your relations ! the one I never offended, and little did I expect that the other would have made me thus unhappy. Save me from them both : my misfortunes are not of my own bringing on ; I have nothing to reproach myself with—I laboured for my maintenance—led a peaceable life—injuring no one : but the days of my affliction are now come : your friends have brought them on me : and I shall lament all my life, that ever they knew me.

LOUISA.

Amiable creature ! be assured I will do every thing in my power to serve you.

[Edward seizes Louisa's hand and kisses it.]

LOUISA.

Have you any more to ask ?

[goes to the door and whispers the maid.]

MAID.

You may depend upon me, Madam.

[Louisa whispers Sophia, who goes out with the Maid.]

LOUISA.

So, thanks to you, Sir, I am now at my servant's mercy.

EDWARD.

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EDWARD.

There would not be so much merit in doing well, if no inconveniency attended it.

[*smiling.*

LOUISA.

How dangerous men are! for our own happiness we can never be too cautious.—Sir I wish to be alone.

EDWARD.

I obey you, Madam.

[*is going.*

LOUISA.

As you have reduced me to this dilemma, I must endeavour to extricate myself as well as I can.

EDWARD.

How unhappy I am! you are displeased with all I do.

[*returns.*

LOUISA.

I am much perplexed—if my father questions me, I must tell him all the truth; as to my uncle—one unguarded word or look will betray us to him:—then, my poor brother!—he will be miserable: if you would not have this discovered do not leave me one moment. But hush! I hear
some

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 39

some one coming—go quickly—no, stay—make haste! be gone.

[Exit Edward.]

Enter GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

What, alone, Louisa! I thought your friend had been with you.

LOUISA.

What friend? Sir.

GOVERNOR.

Edward, to be sure.

LOUISA.

He is just gone.

GOVERNOR.

If it is not impertinent, what might your conversation be, pray?

LOUISA.

Disagreeable as usual.—

GOVERNOR.

Louisa, I am come to open my mind to you. Your brother has offended me: I will give him nothing; but if you marry to please me, my fortune shall be yours.

LOUISA.

I shall not examine how far relations are masters of their fortune—whether, they may without injustice, dispose of it as they please—but,

I know

40 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

I know I could not accept of yours with honour.

GOVERNOR.

Well then—you shall neither of you have it.
I have done with ye both.

Enter CLARVILLE followed by CHARLES.

CHARLES.

She is gone—she is lost—tell me my dear father.

[In great agitation.]

GOVERNOR.

All is well—my order is executed.

[Aside.]

CHARLES.

Where, where is Sophia?

CLARVILLE.

Upon my honour I know not: I am as much at a loss to account for her absence as you are.

CHARLES.

What shall I do?

LOUISA.

I foresaw this.

[Sits down pensively.]

GOVERNOR.

He has been diligent.---Now for a master-stroke.

[Aside.]

[then says to Charles.]

I am

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 41

I am really sorry, Charles, to see you so much grieved. But who would have imagined that the losing a petty girl, would have thrown you into such distraction. But Edward said this would be the consequence.

CHARLES.

What is that you say of Edward?

GOVERNOR.

Edward and I—but I dare not tell you—you will never pardon us.

CHARLES.

Speak, for Heaven's sake.

GOVERNOR.

My niece is, I doubt not, Edward's confident; let her explain it for me.

CHARLES.

Sister?

CLARVILLE.

It cannot be. Edward and Louisa are incapable of treachery. I wish you, Governor, would explain yourself.

GOVERNOR.

Since she will not tell, I must: your mistress, Charles, is—

CHARLES.

Where? where?

G

GOVERNOR.

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GOVERNOR.

Shut up——

CHARLES.

Heavens!

GOVERNOR.

I procur'd the *lettre de catchet* : Edward undertook the rest.

CHARLES.

Edward? my friend?

LOUISA.

No, no brother. Edward is innocent.

CLARVILLE.

What right had you over that unhappy girl? to add to her other misfortunes the loss of liberty.

CHARLES.

Barbarians! where is your accomplice.

LOUISA.

It is not true, Charles. Edward is innocent.

GOVERNOR.

Any other would have done as he has.—I promised him my niece with a fortune.—

CHARLES.

The traitor! it shall cost him dear.

Enter EDWARD.

[Charles runs up to him.

Where is she—restore her—and—defend yourself.

[puts his hand to his sword.

LOUISA.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 43

LOUISA.

Ah!

[she falls into a chair.]

GOVERNOR.

Observe Louisa, what do you think of that?

Aside to Clarville.

CLARVILLE.

Edward, retire.

EDWARD.

I beg to stay, Sir, a few minutes.

GOVERNOR.

I have told all, Edward; it will be in vain to deny it.

EDWARD.

I understand you, Sir—I know you.

GOVERNOR.

Our agreement was a fortune, and my niece.

EDWARD.

I prize not fortune at the expence of my honour: and your niece, Sir, ought not to be the reward of treachery—Had I used this, the poor girl would by this time have been in very different hands.

[throws down the lettre de cachet.]

CHARLES.

She then is free?

EDWARD.

You ought to distrust appearances, Charles, when

44 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

they make against a man of honour.

[Exit Edward.

GOVERNOR.

He has tricked me.

[watches an opportunity and conveys the lettre
de cachet into his pocket.

CHARLES.

I must search into this mystery.

[Exit Charles.

LOUISA.

Brother—brother!

[Exit Louisa.

GOVERNOR.

You ought to blush at my intended precaution.
Why did not you think of shutting the girl up
yourself?

CLARVILLE.

Because it would have been an unjust and cruel
action.

GOVERNOR.

Did you hear what Charles said?

CLARVILLE.

Yes.

GOVERNOR.

Do you know where he is going?

CLARVILLE.

I do.

GOVERNOR.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 45

GOVERNOR.
And not prevent him? suppose he meets that girl?

CLARVILLE.
If he should—I cannot help it.

GOVERNOR.
Not help it!—I lose all patience with you.

CLARVILLE.
What would you advise me to do?

GOVERNOR.
Do! be master of your own family. Send Edward away—he encourages your son in his extravagancies;—shut your daughter up—and exert your authority over your son, till he returns to a sense of his duty.

CLARVILLE.
I understand you: you would have me turn out of my house a youth whom I have reared from the cradle, and to whom I have hitherto acted as a parent. One who has no resource if I abandon him. This you would have me do under pretence that he has misled my son, whose conduct I know he disapproves. Next, you would have me confine my daughter, and by so doing injure her reputation, because she may perhaps have been too free in her answers to you. As to my son, you would have me

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me make myself hateful to him, and tempt him to some rash action, that might dishonour him in the world, at his first setting out in it. Are you not ashamed to give me such advice? you who ought to have interceded for my children, are their accuser.

GOVERNOR.

If Edward does not quit your house, I will never enter it.

CLARVILLE.

As you think proper—my friend's son is dear to me, Sir, and he always shall be.

[Exit Clarville.]

GOVERNOR.

I believe he would be glad to have me gone, but I will stay, were it only to remind him of his follies.—I am anxious to see the event of all this.

[Exit Governor.]

ACT

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 47

A C T IV.

Enter CHARLES.

CHARLES.

EVERY thing is discovered; it is he has carried off Sophia, it is he—but I will be revenged.

[Goes to the door and calls.]

Enter PHILIP.

PHILIP.

Sir.

CHARLES.

Carry that to your master.

[Exit Servant.]

I will wrest from him the acknowledgment of his crime—know where Sophia is—then—

Enter LOUISA.

Unhappy girl! what a deceiver are you attached to!

LOUISA.

Who! what is the matter? you frighten me brother—Edward is innocent.

CHARLES

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CHARLES.

The perfidious—

[She interrupts.]

LOUISA.

Not perfidious, but your real friend.

CHARLES.

No more—it enrages me to hear you excuse him.

Enter EDWARD.

[Charles goes up to him in a fury. Louisa runs between them.]

LOUISA.

Brother, it is your friend—O Edward! it is my brother.

EDWARD.

I will not forget it.

CHARLES.

Go or stay, I quit you not.

[to Edward.]

LOUISA,

How foolish and ungrateful you are! you know not—

[he interrupts.]

CHARLES.

Too much, too much.—where is Sophia?

[advances up to Edward.]

LOUISA.

Stop—stop. Sophia is—

CHARLES.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 49

CHARLES.

Where? say what has he done with her?

LOUISA.

Saved her from your violence—preserved her from the Governor's persecution, and conducted her here. Here—against my will.

CHARLES.

Is it possible! Sophia here! O sister! O my friend! I am quite ashamed of myself. I am a—

[Edward interrupts.]

EDWARD.

You are a—Lover.

[smiling.]

CHARLES.

Sister! Edward! I owe my all to you: but Sophia knows my project. She despises me for it—perhaps hates me—I must see her, sister—let me see her one moment.

EDWARD.

It cannot now be avoided. Nothing else will compose him.

[aside to Louisa.]

CHARLES.

My Sophia here! I fly to her.—

[is going.]

LOUISA.

Stay, stay—I will send for her.

[Goes to the door and calls her maid.]

H

Take

50 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

Take care how you bring her in, and when she is here observe the Governor.

CHARLES.

I shall then see her———
[take his sister's hand.

My dear friend, I shall see her.
[embraces Edward.

Enter SOPHIA.

[on seeing Charles she runs up to Louisa.
SOPHIA.

You promised me protection, Madam.——

LOUISA.

Don't be afraid, compose yourself.

[places her in a chair.

CHARLES.

If you did but know what I have suffered, Sophia! What, not one word? one look? how cruel you are! but I will love you—You must be mine.

[Seizes her hand. She withdrawing it.

SOPHIA.

Your behaviour, Sir, has shewn me the contempt the world entertains for the unfortunate---but---Sir---you have no authority over me---I have relations that———

[he interrupts.

CHARLES.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 51

CHARLES.

I will obtain you of them.——

SOPHIA.

They are poor, but have honour:—and what I insist upon is, to return immediately to them.

CHARLES.

Ask my life sooner——

SOPHIA.

By what right would you detain me? I will go, who will dare to hinder me?

CHARLES.

Wretch that I am! what have I dared to say? what have I presumed to think of! O Sophia! forgive my intended rashness; the fault is—Love.

SOPHIA.

My misfortunes overwhelm me!

[weeping.]

Forced by necessity from a tender mother—separated from a brother that loved me—here a stranger—quite destitute—and to complete my misfortunes, dishonourable imprisonment have threatened me.—Did I entice you? speak, cruel man!

CHARLES.

O Sophia! forgive me.

SOPHIA.

Leave me, Sir,—your scheme was contrary to

H 2

Love

52 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

Love and Honour. I esteem you no longer—leave me.

CHARLES.

Sophia!

EDWARD.

You will make him desperate, madam! he adores you.

SOPHIA.

If he loves me, let him prove it by saving me from his uncle, and returning me to my mother; let him restore me to her, and I—forgive him.

[Exit Sophia.

Enter MAID.

Madam, madam, the Governor is coming.

[Charles and the others go out one way, enter by another the Governor followed by Philip and Mrs. Dalton.

GOVERNOR.

Tell me all: but speak softly.

Mrs. DALTON.

I ask pardon, Sir, but you are not the same gentleman I saw this morning. * I wish to speak to him, Sir.

GOVERNOR.

He is at present engag'd, but sent me, his brother, to hear this affair, whatever it be.

Mrs.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 53

Mrs. DALTON.

Then, Sir, grant me justice- That man (*pointing to Philip*) was with the person who carried off Sophia.

GOVERNOR.

What, you! you rascal! explain this matter instantly.

[puts his hand to his sword.

PHILIP.

Good Sir, spare my life. I will confess all I know.

GOVERNOR.

Be quick then, and speak softly.

PHILIP.

Sir, the young woman is here.

GOVERNOR.

What, in this house.

PHILIP.

Yes, Sir. She is conceal'd in your niece's chamber.

GOVERNOR.

And I not find it out?

[Aside.

So you were the rascal behind the coach?

PHILIP.

Yes, Sir,

[bowing.

GOVERNOR.

And the other in the inside was Edward?

PHILIP.

It was, Sir,

Mrs.

54 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

Mrs. DALTON.

Let me see and comfort the dear creature
Pray, Sir, let her be with me, or I with her.

GOVERNOR,

I will endeavour to accomplish this latter request. In the mean time, go, and do not return till I send for you.

[To Mrs. Dalton.]

Mrs. DALTON.

But, Sir, shall I see Sophia?

GOVERNOR.

Depend upon it. Go you, and conduct her safely out, be sure that no one see her, or know she has been here.

[Aside to Philip.]

[Exit Mrs. Dalton, and Philip.]

Where there is a whispering there is always some mystery. The great art of wisdom, is to observe small things.--What a lucky discovery have I made! With this, I will perform wonders.

[Takes out the lettre de cachet.]

I will seize the girl, throw them all into confusion, and in one day, break two marriages. *[Exit.]*

End of A C T IV.

A C T

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 35

A C T V.

CLARVILLE *and* GOVERNOR.

CLARVILLE.

WHAT have you so very urgent to say to me?

GOVERNOR.

I so well know your weakness, that I hardly suppose you will feel a proper resentment; but by acquainting you with your children's misconduct, I shall at least do my duty; the evil consequences of not following my advice will fall upon yourself.

CLARVILLE.

Tell me, plainly, what has happened.

GOVERNOR.

Your whole family is corrupt; there is not even decency remaining. I can prove what I say—where do you think the girl is, that you are so uneasy about? could you believe that she is here?

CLARVILLE.

Here?

GOVERNOR.

Yes, here, in your own house: introduced by your dear Edward, and received by your dear---

CLARVILLE.

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CLARVILLE.

Stop. Louisa? my daughter?

GOVERNOR.

Yes, I say, Louisa conceals her. Your family, as I said before, is quite corrupt, but it is all your own fault; when I told you to watch over your daughter—to send Edward away—that your son grew disorderly; then I was a hardhearted man, and I know not what. You neglected my advice then, you must suffer for it now.

CLARVILLE.

Every word you speak stabs me to the heart. Leave me, cruel man! I want my children.

GOVERNOR.

Consider their faults.

CLARVILLE.

If they are in fault let them come to me, acknowledge it, and I forgive them. If they can live without me, I cannot without them.

[is going.]

GOVERNOR.

For shame! how weak you are!

[stops him—a noise of shrieks from within.]

CLARVILLE.

Ha! what noise is that?

GOVERNOR.

It is nothing.

[Louisa's voice is heard crying, "call my father."]

CLARVILLE.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 57

CLARVILLE.

My daughter's voice? hold off, Sir.

GOVERNOR.

Believe me it is nothing; it will be over in five minutes.

[as the Governor endeavours to prevent Clarville going out,

Enter MAID SERVANT.

MAID.

O, Sir! swords! officers! guards!
[to Clarville.

Enter SOPHIA, OFFICER, CHARLES,

[with a drawn sword, restrained by Edward, Louisa, &c. Sophia runs up to Clarville.

SOPHIA.

O, Sir! protect me.

CLARVILLE.

You shall be protected, fear nothing.

[raises her.

GOVERNOR.

Officer do your duty.

CHARLES.

If he touches her, his life shall answer for it, let me pass Edward.

GOVERNOR.

I say, officer, seize that young woman.

I

SOPHIA.

58 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

SOPHIA.

Save me, Sir! save me.

[to Clarville.

CLARVILLE.

Stop, officer.

[they all cry stop, except the Governor.

GOVERNOR.

Follow me, Sir.

[to the Officer.

And in the king's name I command you to seize that young woman, and do your duty.

[the Governor advances up to Sophia, then starts with astonishment.

GOVERNOR.

What, my niece?

SOPHIA.

Heavens! is it my uncle that persecutes me!
O Sir!

[kneels to him, the company look astonished.

GOVERNOR.

Why did not you return to the country immediately, when I sent you orders to do so?

SOPHIA.

I will return to it, I will indeed: but O do not shut me up for life, in a convent!

[he turns from her.

CLARVILLE.

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 59

CLARVILLE.

Leave that unrelenting man, and come to me,
my child.

[goes up to her and raises her.]

CHARLES.

Sophia! dear Sophia! our troubles are now past.

SOPHIA.

Turn not away from your own brother's daughter.

[to the Governor.]

GOVERNOR.

A wretched spendthrift! who might have been in affluence, but by giving himself airs of generosity, he ruined himself. He might have retrieved his affairs, had he married as I would have had him, but he rejected my advice, for which I rejected him, as I now do all his family.

CLARVILLE.

The Governor forgot he was in my house, when he took so much upon him; *[to the officer.]*
You may go, Sir: I shall answer for the consequences. *[Exit Officer.]*

What parent but might be vain of such a child?

[presenting Sophia to the Governor.]

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GOVERNOR.

She has no fortune, nor ever shall have from me.

CHARLES.

She herself, is a treasure. Dear Sophia! we shall part no more. *[takes her hand.]*

CLARVILLE.

Give your consent, Governor, and make them happy,

GOVERNOR.

Never.---Your daughter and Edward have exasperated me beyond measure. I am enrag'd with you all.

CLARVILLE.

Louisa has sentiment and delicacy; as to Edward, he merits all I can do for him.

CHARLES.

He does.---He sav'd Sophia and your son.

CLARVILLE.

When children act of themselves, without consulting their parents, disorder and trouble must be the consequence: but I pardon all.

CHARLES.

Dear Sir! compleat our happiness. Edward and Louisa love each other. Yield to the dictates
of

THE FAMILY PICTURE. 61

of your own generous breast, and make this day
the happiest of our lives!

CLARVILLE.

Do you really love Edward? [To Louisa.

GOVERNOR.

Did not I tell you she did! [To Clarville.

CLARVILLE.

Why conceal your sentiments from me; surely
my children little know their father. Receive
this present with my blessing. [To Edward.

GOVERNOR.

So—this is to crown every thing.—I vow a
lasting hatred, and have done with ye all.

[Exit Governor in a rage.

CLARVILLE.

May the events of this day, my dear children,
prove a useful lesson to us through life.—Your
happiness, Sophia, I hope will be the future study
of my son. May he learn from you to soften the
natural impetuosity of his character, and know
that it is impossible to be happy while under the
dominion of violent passions.—May the example
of your uncle's unhappy disposition, teach us to
regulate our own; for we may be certain, that
riches cannot give happiness without a benevolent
heart,

62 THE FAMILY PICTURE.

heart. [*Joining their hands, he says,*] My dear children! a virtuous, beautiful woman, and a man of honour, are the most interesting of all objects. How dear then, to a parent! may the day that unites you to each other, make ye happy.—Heavens bless my children! O! how painful!—how delightful it is, TO BE A FATHER!

[*Closes his hands together. Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.

P O E M S, &c.

WHEN sorrows fill your breast,
With sacred love draw nigh;
The Lord will give you rest,
The Lord will hear your cry.

II.

His service cheers the heart,
And lasting peace inspires;
His oracles impart,
Hope, joy, and pure desires.

III.

He is the widow's friend,
The orphan is his care;
To him your thoughts extend,
To him exalt your pray'r.

IV.

He will your wants relieve,
And ^{all} your wrongs redress;
In him with joy believe,
Whose word's eternal bliss.

GREAT

I.

GREAT God! with whom all wisdom feigns,
Our ignorance dispel,
And break that indolent repose,
Which sinks the soul to hell.

O! let us not out precious time,
In trifles fool away;
But place before our vig'rous search,
Thy everlasting day

From thy bright mansions, holy King,
Distress and mis'ry flee,
For hope—tranquillity and joy
Concenter still in thee.

O! Pour thy grace into my soul,
Correct my nature, lead my will;
Inspire me with the grace, O Lord,
Through ev'ry change, to serve thee still.

II. In

II.

In all my joys—in all my woes,
Be ever present to my mind;
Let neither pride nor murmurs rise,
But make me thankful—or—resign'd.

I.

THROUGH all the dangers of this day,
In mercy, Lord, direct our way;
Our souls from ev'ry vice preserve,
In thought nor action let us swerve:

II.

Be the great end of our desires,
Give us that peace thy word inspires;
From ev'ry evil set us free,
And raise through faith our hearts to thee!

III.

And at the last momentous hour,
Support us with thy gracious pow'r;
O! cheer our spirits! wing their flight,
To heav'nly joys, and realms of light.

K

O LORD!

I.

O LORD! to thee the contrite heart,
Its humble worship pays;
Allay its anguish, heal its smart,
Direct it in thy ways!

II.

To penitential sighs and tears,
True happiness restore;
Banish all sin—from guilty fears,
Protect us evermore!

III.

To thee whose service peace instills,
We rear the fervent cry;
Hear us, great God, whose glory fills;
The vast ætherial sky!

I.

HOLY! Supreme! Eternal King!
Whose sov'reign word, through all prevails;
Whose providence directs each hour,
Whose mercy never fails.

II. To

II.

To thee I give my contrite heart,
To thee its ardent hopes aspire;
Hallow it, God, from ev'ry sin,
By thy celestial fire!

III.

Through all the devious paths of life,
Direct my trembling steps secure;
Resign'd, or thankful may I prove;
My soul serene and pure.

IV.

Let justice all my actions sway,
Then shall my hopes to thee extend,
And heav'nly peace the breast inspire,
Whose joys on thee depend.

V.

Hail, sacred and omniscient pow'r!
Whose mercy wide extends thy care;
O! consecrate my offer'd heart,
And sanctify my pray'r.

On a BIRTH DAY.

THE fleeting years of youth once past,
Swift flies our bloom—age comes apace :
O Time ! add virtues to my heart,
I'll fear no wrinkles on my face.

On the Right Honourable Lady Ch. H.

I.

YE Sylphs aerial, race benign,
To whose protecting care,
The Fates assign, as poets tell,
The tutelage of the fair.

II.

Hither with bright elastic wing,
To H—I wind your way ;
For here resides as fair a nymph
As e'er adorn'd the lay.

III. What

III.

What though her charms in childhood's guise,
Emit not half their pow'r;
Do not the rose-bud's early sweets,
Foretel the beauteous flow'r?

IV.

Though in her breast the Virtues dwell,
Like silver in the mine,
We well perceive th' intrinsic worth,
Will bear the stamp of Time :

V.

When all the Graces shall attend,
And Fortune's sun-beams play;
O! then with watchful eyes inspect,
Nor from the fair-one stray.

VI.

Yet not her jewels—curls or lace,
Should occupy your art;
Leave such inferiour cares to chance,
Do you but guard her heart.

VII.

And since, alas! the female breast,
Must ever tender prove;
Let conscious Worth with Pallas join,
To point the dart of Love.

To a FRIEND, on her Marriage.

I.

WHEN Hymen joins two tender hearts,
How happy must they prove ?
Since titles, pomp, and wealth are vain,
When balanced by love.
Then let each bright revolving sun,
In blest rotation see,
The day that gave thee to thy Love—
That gave thy Love to thee.

II.

Be Health and sweet Contentment thine,
The source of native joys ;
But far from thee the mock parade
Of pageantry and noise.
By Love and Sentiment refin'd,
You both will happy be,
Thou faithful art—he'll constant prove—
Ah ! who could stray from thee !

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

THY charms, O lovely maid,
Without the help of art,
Inspire a sweet delight,
And gain the willing heart.

II.

In careless curls thy hair,
Thy blooming cheek adorns:
Thy manner pleases all,
Though negligent of forms.

III.

Thy gen'rous mind disdains
Each specious veil of art;
Thy words in nervous style
A genuine force impart.

IV.

The rose's native hue,
Attracts the pleased sight;
Simplicity in thee
Makes beauty give delight.

S O N G.

From the ITALIAN.

I.

IN thy absence, O my Colin !

Can I ever cease to mourn ?

Or through gloomy paths to wander,

Till my roving youth return ?

No—I'll ever faithful prove,

And cease to live, ere cease to love.

II.

But perhaps some beauteous maiden,

Bless'd with ev'ry winning art,

Or the charms of birth and station,

Have bereav'd me of thy heart :—

Colin, I'll pronounce thee free,

If my rival loves like me.

III.

Know, my Shepherd, that true blessings

All from sweet affection flow,

From two hearts a-like connected,

In each other's joy or woe :

Then what transports must they prove,

Who mutual render Love for Love !

S O N G.

S O N G.

L

ELEGANCE and Virtue joining,
 Animate her graceful mien ;
 In her eyes with lustre shining,
 Ev'ry noble thought is seen.

II.

Firm, collected, sprightly, tender,
 Pure as light her spotless mind ;
 'Tis no weakness to surrender,
 To the Graces all combin'd.

III.

Bless'd with her each former pleasure,
 New felt rapture would impart ;
 Life be Joy—Contentment Treasure,
 With the charmer of my heart.

IV.

Helen's celebrated graces,
 Ne'er such passion could inspire ;
 And to sound Florinda's praises,
 Phœbus self must strike the lyre.

L

S O N G,

S O N G.

I.

THE shepherdes through fertile meads,
Attends her fleecy care,
And sweetly sings from morn to night,
Her spirits light as air.

II.

Bless'd in the sweets of liberty,
From pride and folly free ;
The sportive lambkin by her side,
Is not more gay then she.

III.

A simple ribbon binds her hair,
A rose adorns her breast ;
And sure the lovely blooming maid,
Appears completely drest :

IV.

For health and innocence give charms,
Superiour far to art ;
Studied profusion gains the eye,
Simplicity—the—heart.

V. One

V.

One gentle care alone invades,
The stillness of her breast;
Pure artless Love—Love, of all cares,
The sweetest and the best.

VI.

A rural Swain the Fair pursu'd,
With passion pure and true,
Nature that tun'd his soul to love,
Inspir'd his accents too.

VII.

The maiden's tender grateful heart
Felt sympathetick flame;
The down-cast eye, and blushing cheek,
Most sweetly own'd the same.

VIII.

No sordid interest e'er had pow'r,
Their friendship to divide;
Love and Content, shall yield them joys,
Unknown to wealth or pride.

HOW various is this earthly scene !

What different passions move the soul !

This moment we are pleas'd—serene—

The next, what storms tumultuous roll.

Now, Friendship's feelings warm the heart,

With gen'rous ardour, noble flame ;

Then, all enrag'd, in burning smart,

We swear that Friendship's but a name !

This instant we with pity see

The world's ambition—miser's care ;

The next, if golden prospects flee,

We languish in a mean despair.

O ! what are riches—pleasure---health---

If giv'n to an unequal mind !

Contentment is the soul's best wealth,

And to be happy---BE RESIGN'D.

4 AP 54

F I N I S.

W O H

f

2

